MY OWN ILLINOIS.

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPP.

There is many a pleasant land that lies
  Under the sky unfurled,
Countries fair, whose beauty rare
  Is the theme of half the world.
But in each wanderer's heart of hearts,
  Could his true choice be known,
Ever you'll find inscribed the name
  Of the land he calls his own.
And to me, there is a haunting melody,
  That no discord doth destroy,
In the soft, sonorous title of
    My
      Own
        Illinois.

I claim for her no legends,
  Like the German for his Rhine,
She does not boast the classic palm,
  Nor yet the gothic pine;
But, like some gray-eyed, brown-haired maid,
  Not blonde, nor dark brunette,
The temperate charm that is her own
  Her lovers ne'er forget.
From tropic sun, or arctic seas,
  No fierce extremes alloy
The hope-inspiring air that sweeps
    My
      Own
        Illinois.

How blithely o'er her fertile fields
  The prairie breezes blow
Across the level corn lands,
  Where a nation's harvests grow.
The royal Mississippi laves
  Her golden sunset side;
Gleams on her brow Lake Michigan,
  A coronal of pride;
Her stately Garden City towers
  With worthy pride up-buoy
Above all would-be rival States
    My
      Own
        Illinois.

Dear State, the glint of thy wild flower,
  The song of thy wild bird,
Were of color, and of music,
  All my childhood saw or heard;
Thrilling, like scenes of paradise,
  Across these dusty years,
They still make tenderest memories
  That tremble into tears.
Untouched by bitterness, and, like
  A child's kiss, sweet and coy,
Drifts back the dream of innocence in
    My
      Own
        Illinois.

* * * * * * * *

When on me dawns that fateful hour—
  The Archer Death's own time—
Perchance his shaft may still this heart
  In some far foreign clime,
But I pray that my dreamless dust may sleep
  Where his song of reckless joy
The blackbird pipes to the prairie sod
    In my
      Own
        Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill.

AT THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY WILL HUBBARD KERNAN.

FALLING WATER is the name of the most picturesque spot in theCumberland country of Tennessee. It is situated a few miles south of Cookeville, and is one of the first places visited by tourists who venture up to that highland village. Caney Fork, a tributary of the Cumberland River, rises in the mountains, and surges over the rocky ledges a full hundred feet into the sequestered valley below. And it is this cataract that is known as Falling Water.

The surrounding country is wild, lonely, and romantic, and was a favorite resort of the moonshiners, until the United States revenue officers swept down upon them, shooting a few of them dead and sending many of them to the penitentiary.

Not far from Falling Water is a deep, precipitous ravine, the sides of which are covered with pines and an impenetrable undergrowth of vines and shrubbery. The density of the foliage hides the bottom of the ravine from view, but if you follow a dim bridle-path trending from the road, you will find that it leads to the door of an old cabin surrounded by a stake-and-rider fence, half hidden by blackberry bushes, sassafras, and weeds.

This cabin was the home of old Melton, a moonshiner, and his family, until the spring of 1879.

The still was located within a stone's throw of the house, between two gigantic bowlders, and so cleverly was it hidden by the rocky walls that towered up on three sides of it, and so curtained in was it on the remaining side by the vines that fell in green festoons from the gray ledges of free-stone above, that the old moonshiner felt himself perfectly safe from the prying eyes of both officers and informers.

One evening about dark, as old Melton sat in the gallery of his cabin, drawing consolation alternately from a stone jug and a corn-cob pipe, he was saluted by a young man on horseback, who had ridden up from the right and whose face betrayed an expression of keen annoyance.

"Hello!" cried the horseman, drawing rein, "can you tell me how far it is to Cookeville?"

"'Bout fo' miles, stranger," replied Melton, rising to his feet and slouching forward. "Hev yo' lost yer bearin's?"

"Yes; went down to old Davenant's to collect a bill this morning and——"

"Long Jack Davenant's, stranger?"

"Yes; up at the head of Caney Fork, and——"

"Why didn't yo' turn to the left when yo' came to Squar Mills' place?"

"I did; but I took the wrong road out in that confounded flat woods."

"Jesso, jesso! Been thar myself! 'Tis a puzzle to a stranger. An' what shell I call yer name?"

"Wilford—Harry Wilford."

"Any relation t' the Wilfords down t' Smith's Fork?"

"No; my home is in Nashville Am a professional man there. Had to look after a farm of mine down in DeKalb County, and so I concluded to ride up here and collect a bill from old Davenant before I went back to Lebanon. The old man wasn't at home, though. By the way, could I find a place here or hereabout to stay all night? It will rain long before I can reach Cookeville."

"I dunno.. P'r'aps Henry Q. could keep yo'."

"Who is Henry Q., and where does he reside?"

"Henry Q. Clark, yo' know. Lives 'bout a quarter out on the Cookeville road yander," pointing to the left. "Henry Q.'s rich—Henry Q. is. His house must 'a' cost a cool five hundred. Jest foller thet——"

A blinding flash, a thunder-peal and a driving torrent of rain interrupted the speaker.

"Wall, I say, Mr. Wilford, if thet are's ther way ther weather's er-gwine ter act, I 'low yo'd better stay with we'uns. We haint much t' offer, but sech ez we hev yo're welcome to."

Wilford leaped from his saddle, threw the reins over a sapling bough, and bounded gracefully over the grass into the cabin. He was a tall, slender, handsome young fellow, with blonde hair, a beardless face, and large, blue, winning eyes, that sparkled with humor or scintillated with wrath according to his varying moods.

Mrs. Melton was sitting before the huge fire-place, industriously dipping snuff. She was a lank and angular woman of forty, barefooted and dressed in homespun. She rose as Wilford came in, responding to his bow with a queer little bob of her head, and then withdrew into the kitchen.

The room in which Wilford found himself was large and trimly kept. A bedstead stood in one corner, while a row of rush-bottom chairs, a table and a spinning-wheel completed the stock of furniture. On the log walls of the cabin were tacked a few unframed photographs of family relations, while on the mantel was a little mirror in a pine-cone frame.

Mrs. Melton returned presently, and began to spread the table for supper. While bringing in the last dishes, a large, bony, and sallow girl ran into the room, her garments dripping with rain and clinging close to her stalwart frame.

"Whoop-ee! but wusn't I skeered!" The lightnin' struck a tree not——"

She stopped short on seeing Wilford, her eyes flashed with anger, and she ran out of the room as unceremoniously as she had come into it.

"Thet thar's my darter Nance," remarked old Melton; "an' she's the smartest gal in these hyar mountings. She wus sorter set back when she seed yo', but she'll come in arter erwhile an' play us a chune on the organette. Nance is a pow'ful hand at the organette, Nance is."

"Supper's ready," vouchsafed Mrs. Melton, in a high, cracked voice. "Sit thar, stranger, an' reach fer yo'self."

Old Melton bowed his head, said grace with all the gravity of a minister, and then plunged headlong into a discussion of religion.

It was a woman's voice—Nance's voice—and Wilford hurried forward through the blinding rain and darkness of the wretched night, till he stood in front of the towering boulders that shut in the still.

"Damn yo'!" he heard Melton pant, "yo'll disgrace yo'self an' yo' fambly afore strangers ag'in, will yo'? Yo'll jine the Methodisses, will yo'?" and with that he struck his daughter a fearful blow, causing her to reel forward at the feet of the young man.

"Dog!" cried Wilford, "devil! Take that!" and throttling Melton, he dashed him against the rocky wall and struck him between the eyes.

Melton drew a revolver, but, before he could use it, Wilford wrested it from his hand, and knocked him headlong into the shelter of the still.

"Ha!" cried Wilford, as a vivid flash of lightning revealed the character of his surroundings. "A moonshiner, I see. I thought as much," and, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, he clasped them on the wrists of the prostrate man.

"You will come with me," he continued, dragging his prisoner into the open air. "You will come with me. I have been looking for this still of yours since last December, but I wouldn't have found it if you hadn't been the brute that you are."

Stunned, confused, the old man staggered to his feet.

"What is hit, daddy? Why don't yo' speak?"

It was the daughter who spoke—it was the bruised and bleeding daughter who now flung her apron around the old man, and kissed his wrinkled face.

"Hit's all up with we'uns, Nance," answered the old man in a husky voice. "Hit's all up with we'uns. This feller's a detective."

"I knowed hit, daddy—I knowed hit. He's been prowlin' 'round hyar all day. I'd a-told yo', but I seed he hadn't diskivered the still, an' I didn't want his blood on yo' hands. But," and she hissed the words through her set teeth, "I'd a warned yo' when I went home ef I'd a knowed hit 'd come ter this."

The party went back to the cabin, and at daybreak Wilford prepared to

"CAN YOU TELL ME HOW FAR IT IS TO COOKEVILLE?"

start with his prisoner for Cookeville.

They had proceeded less than twenty yards from the door, when the sharp report of a rifle was heard, and Wilford reeled from his saddle—dead.

At the same moment the white, tense desperate face of Nance vanished from the open window.

"I b'long to the Baptisses, I do. Tilda—thet's my wife thar—she b'longs to the Hardshell Baptisses, the no-'co-ntest church in these hyar mountings. Nance thar's been a threatnin' ter jine the Methodisses, but if she do I'll drub her till she cain't holler."

The wife made no reply to the fling at her faith, but Nance glared at her father, and then, bringing her fist down on the table so fiercely that the dishes danced, she cried:

"I'll jine—I'll jine—I'll jine—I'll be damned ef I don't jine!" and turning over her chair she fled the room, banging the door behind her as she went.

Old Melton said nothing, but he clinched his teeth with an ominous significance.

Supper over and the table cleared off, the old man went to the kitchen door and called for Nance.

"What do yo' want?" inquired the girl.

"I want yo' to come an' play us a chune on the organette."

"I wont."

"THROTTLING MELTON, HE DASHED HIM AGAINST THE ROCKY WALL."

"Yo' will."

"I tell you, pop, I wont."

"Yo' wuthless wench! I'll larn ye who's boss. I'll beat you till the blood runs down yer legs, so he'p me!" Running to a distant corner of the main room he caught up a gnarled hickory cane and hastened back to the kitchen.

"Where's Nance?" he demanded of his wife.

"She done put out while yo' wus lookin' fer yer stick," was the answer.

"The slut! I'll find her an' wallop her like I would a dog."

"Stay, sir!" cried Wilford, as Melton opened the door. "Stay, sir! Surely you wouldn't strike a woman?"

"I wouldn't, eh? I'll whip her like a dog, I tell yo'. Stand back!" and tearing himself loose from the grasp of his guest, he rushed out into the darkness and was swallowed up in the night.

Suddenly a wild scream rang high over the roaring of the wind in the pines—a scream so pitiful that Wilford rushed off in the direction from whence it came.

"Help! help! help!"

Caught Napping.

Stranger—Beg pardon for interrupting, but you probably noticed in the papers this morning that Lord Nabob, who is on a visit to this county, met with an accident in the park yesterday. He is a stranger here, and some prominent citizen like yourself should see that he receives proper attention.

Business Man (much flattered)—Really, I had not thought much of it, but——

Stranger—You probably noticed in the paper, too, that six persons were injured yesterday in a subway explosion.

"Why, yes. Were there any lords among them?

"Possibly. No telling. Two men were killed yesterday by electric wires."

"I noticed that; but——"

"And a number of persons were run over."

"Yes, but the lord——"

"Ah, yes. The Lord wills, and we must bow; but our families should not be forgotten, sir; and as we are hourly exposed to these dangers, I thought possibly you might wish to get insured in the 'Sure-Pop Life and Accident Company,' of which I am an agent."—*New York Weekly.*

Was Wid Him.

An old negro who was sleeping alone in a cabin was awakened by a noise in the room, and striking a light, saw a man attempting to open a drawer.

"Whut you doin' dar?"

The robber, himself a negro, answered: "Tryin' ter see what you got in dis house."

"Dar ain't nothin' yere dat 'longs ter you."

"Will 'long ter me when I gits my han's on it."

"Look yere, generman, tell you whut I'll do. I'll shoot craps wid you right here."

"I'se wid you," the robber answered. "Fetch out yo' bones."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Rough on the Roof.

Builder—I want you to do something for me.

Friend—What is it?

"You see this house is almost finished, excepting shingling the roof.

"So I perceive."

"Well, I want you to look around and see if you can't find a thin carpenter who does not weigh more than 120 pounds. I must have a light carpenter to put on those shingles. If a heavy man goes up on that roof the whole house will tumble in."

CRAZY FOR ANTIQUES.

CHICAGO FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS FORCED TO ODD CONCEITS.

Everybody Apes the Fashions Popular with a Race Who Have Long Been Food for Worms—Some of the Articles, After All, but Hollow Snares, Oxidized Shams, and Iron-Bound Mockeries.

SIXTEENTH century oak with oxidized metal trimmings is the very latest novelty in parlor and living room furniture, and nowhere in the country are these back-number conceits reproduced in such perfection as by the Chicago manufacturer. Sales-windows are filled with the artistic creations, and advertising pages fairly bulge with fancy etchings furnished by furniture dealers, of whom none are as enterprising as our own. The articles one sees in first-class houses are made up in both natural and antique designs, dull and polished, and in a style which shows that furniture as well as history repeats itself. Most of the new goods are odds and ends for library, parlor, and hall furniture, and all more or less bound with metal. Marble tops for dressers, mantels and center tables are going out of date, but this

Morning.

style of trimming is still popular in graveyard decorations.

Plain oak is the most popular style of furniture at present, and takes the lead in the sixteen different kinds of wood now in the market. Complete chamber sets in ash, Georgia pine, California redwood, maple, walnut, birch, cherry, mahogany, oak, ebony, rosewood, sycamore, white mahogany, satinwood, butternut, and olive can be found at the leading furniture houses in the city.

"We find that plain oak polished has the preference over all the others," said a salesman in a Wabash avenue house. "This is the case with the masses, as well as our more aristocratic customers. Fancy carved work in chamber suits is no longer in demand, and some even prefer the dull shellac finish instead of polished goods. In dining-room furnishings the chairs are not so high-backed as formerly, and the round dining-table takes the lead, though the square ones are still being used. The variety of sideboards is now so extensive that the people are no longer building them into their houses, as they can buy any style they want ready-made."

One of the very latest novelties is the gentleman's Oriental shaving cabinet. It is called the gentleman's cabinet to distinguish it from the ladies' shaving cabinet, which will be out soon.

The cabinet is of antique oak, sixteenth century finish, four feet high and two feet wide, fitted with drawers and lockers for lather, razors, towels, and whetstones. The top is surmounted by a small mirror set in a carved frame and hung on swivels. It is a handy thing to have in the house, and is mounted on rollers so that it can be moved at will. If the gentleman doesn't want to shave in a certain room he can shove the machine into another part of the house. The drawer handles and hinges are of oxidized brass, the hinges which are on the locker extending half way across the door.

Another cabinet is a combined barber-shop, wardrobe, dressing-case, and chiffonier of antique oak, paneled, iron trimmings, and carved doors. It is considerably larger than the Oriental cabinet

Night.

and if it combined a folding-bed along with its other conveniences would be about a complete chamber-set for a bachelor's quarters. The Grecian is still another novelty in this line, but smaller than the other two, standing on raised legs handsomely carved and mounted with polished metal.

For the encouragement of Chicago literati one firm turns out sixty different styles in writing-tables. They range from the massive office-desk to the dainty escritoire suggestive of love-laden epistles traced on perfumed paper. All the known timber susceptible to the designer and cabinet-maker's art enter into the composition of these tables. The handsomest are of antique oak, until lately used only in odd

pieces, but which now takes first place in one of these desks desire to close an improper or unprofitable correspondence, he everything. One of the most unique was of waterlogged oak, which is of a bluish-black mottled color. In shape it is not unlike a packing-case, the desk drooping down from the side and held in place by chains. It is jutted with numerous pigeon-holes and drawers, and it is bolted together at the corners with brass plates.

The design is similar to the writing-desks in use in the sixteenth century and looks more like a strong-box than a desk.

The colonial is another pretty design in writing desks. It is of mahogany, filled finish, with curved legs, carved in fantastic figures, and claw feet of brass holding white glass balls resting on the floor. Like folding-beds, writing desks are now made with intent to deceive. One of the deceitful kind is a regular confidence game of a desk. To look at it one would think it was a combination book-case and escritoire, but it is neither. The book-case attachment is a fraud, being furnished on the inside with a water-tank instead of shelves. The lid of the desk being raised reveals a china wash-bowl connected with the tank by a pipe and also fitted with a waste-pipe, which can be connected with the sewer at a moment's notice. It is a very ingenious contrivance indeed. Should the owner of can wash his hands of the whole business then and there.

Another bunko piece of furniture is the sixteenth century center-table with one leg growing out of a pedestal. It is a square-topped table with round corners bound in metal with imitation bolt-heads, thus giving out the impression that the table was put together by a blacksmith. But this is not the only claim the table has on the people. The leg, which is about a foot square, is hollow, and is intended for a receptacle for contraband goods for gentlemen only. It is said that this table would find great favor in a prohibition community.

The hall chest is another odd conceit in bric-a-brac furniture. It resembles a carpenter's tool-chest or an Englishman's box, better known as luggage. They are made of the different cabinet woods, but sixteenth century oak has the preference. Some are wrought in plain and others in shaded finish, and are liberally bound with oxidized metal trimmings, the hinges extending entirely across the lid. They are intended for use in the front halls of family residences and make a convenient place in which to throw gum shoes and other hall litter when visitors arrive unexpectedly. A Yale lock and key goes with each and every hall-chest.

In parlor furniture the over stuff is mostly straight goods in tapestries with plush trimmings. A fancy thing in parlor chairs is the Louis XIV. and IV., either in natural mahogany or antique oak, inlaid with marquetry, with white and old-gold trimmings.

The Queen Anne bedstead is a novelty in polished mahogany, with the head and foot boards finished on both sides. It is usually placed in the middle of a room in order that its fine points may be seen from every front. But in spite of all the rare and costly gems in sixteenth century oak and other woods the old reliable nineteenth century installment oak is by far the most popular.

How the Joke Was Evened.

We had a new master in W—— Academy, New Hampshire, says R. Redwood, in the New York *Mercury*, when I was a pupil there not many years ago, with whom we promised ourselves some sport, before we got through with him the first morning he faced us in the class-room. He was a moderate-sized, rather delicate man, with a mild, defensive air that seemed to appeal to our generosity to make his life less of a burden to him than we had made that of his predecessor.

He appeared to fear we would carry him out of the building or spring some sort of a mine under his feet for the first few days, and he eyed Wilkins Sharp, our ringleader in all mischief, with a sort of care, as though he felt completely at his mercy.

Things moved on with half-hearted uncertainty for about a week. The master held such a lax grasp of the reins of authority that we expected to make him step down and out within a few days at the furthest. His reading of a lengthy chapter from Chronicles or Deuteronomy every morning before prayers was a grievance which the more active spirits determined to redress.

We knew there was fun on hand, of what nature the majority of us were ignorant, when we went into the class-room one morning in the second week. A loud bray greeted us, which we answered with shouts of laughter. A donkey stood in the master's place at the desk before the open Bible, with a huge pair of rusty-rimmed glasses straddling his nose and a ludicrously solemn expression of countenance, as if he wished to bear the honors thrust upon him with becoming dignity.

We were all in our seats trying to smother the mirth, when the master came in. He walked up to the desk as usual, and seemed to look right through that animal without seeing him. "Behold thy brother!" staring at him from the board made no impression on his optic nerve. He stood upon the right of the desk, looking down upon us without a word. As we watched he seemed to rise inches beyond his usual height. His eyes fairly blazed behind his glasses. His mild, defensive air changed to such masterly aggressiveness that we fairly quaked before him.

Presently he brought his glance round upon Wilkins Sharp and concentrated it on his face. Those orbs of flame seemed to scorch him. His face reddened, as if he had been pulling chestnuts out of the fire.

"Wilkins Sharp, come here!" said the master.

Wilkins obeyed with a look of bravado.

"Ride that donkey out of the room!"

Wilkins did not move to obey with alacrity.

"Do you want a lift?" inquired the master, and in a flash, by some dexterous movement of arm and boot that fairly dazzled us, Wilkins was "boosted" upon the creature's back and was on his way to the door amid a roar of laughter.

We looked at the master. He had relapsed into his usual calm.

"Now that we are rid of the donkey and his brother," he said, as he turned over the leaves of the Bible leisurely, "we will read the third chapter of Leviticus."

Handsome Is as Handsome Does.

Robson—Where are you bound?

Remsen—Up to ask my pretty cousin to marry me.

Robson—Well, good luck to you.

Remsen—Thanks, dear boy.

Robson (an hour later)—Well, did your pretty cousin say yes?

Remsen—No; the homely thing refused me.—*Judge.*

SELF-FORGETFULNESS in love for others has a foremost place in our ideal of character, and our deep homage, as representing the true end of humanity. Who does upbraid himself for his slowness in those sympathies which are as a multiplying mirror to the joys of life, reflecting them in endless play?

A WOMAN who favors equal suffrage wants to know if it is a crime to be a woman. No, but it is not manly. We will say no more.

STUFF AND NONSENSE.

SET in her ways—a brooding hen.

A SWALLOW-TAIL—the story of Jonah and the whale.

FIRST mattress—How do you feel? Second mattress—Full as a tick.

THE monkey goes to the sunny side of the tree when he wants a warmer climb.

PRAYERS may go begging for an answer, but "What'll you have?" never does.

PUTTIN' a patched dime in the collection box is like buyin' a scalper's ticket to heaven.

SOUP *a la* Jay Gould—take a little stock, six times as much water, and then put in the lamb.

TEACHER—"'Anonymous' means 'without a name.' Give an example, Miss Griggs." Miss Griggs—"My baby sister is anonymous."

LOAFER—How are you? Just thought I'd drop in a while to kill time. Busy Man—Well, we don't want any of our time killed.

BROWN—How time flies, Jenkins—I am not aware of its speedy passage. B.—Then you have not a note to pay. J.—No; I hold yours.

BLOODGOOD—Silby always reminds me of a breeze that comes before a summer's rainstorm. Travis—Why? "Because," answered Bloodgood, "he is so fresh."

"THIS is a little late for you to be out, isn't it, Peck? Aren't you afraid your wife will miss you?" Mr. N. Peck—I hope she will. She can fling things pretty straight, though.

MRS. HINTON (recently married)—Did you know my husband was very ill? Miss Carrington—I suppose he must be, my dear. Before he married you he told me I had broken his heart.

VISITOR—(to bereaved widow)—Your husband, I understand, was killed in a factory? Widow—Alas, yes; poor dear William was reckoned a smart man, but he didn't know much about flywheels.

STATION-MASTER—Come, come, my good man, you mustn't walk on the track. Tramp (disgustedly)—The conductor says I can't ride, and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyway?

WILLIE—I wonder why I can't make my kite fly? Elder sister—Perhaps the caudal appendage is disproportionate to the superficial area. Willie—I don't think that's it. I believe there isn't weight enough on the tail.

MRS. STATESMAN—Do you know, sir, that you came home last night in an utterly disgraceful condition? Mr. Statesman (swallowing about a quart of water)—"Woman, do you know that the time of year has arrived when the country has to be saved again?

MRS. SKINNFLINT—Josiah, don't you think Johnny's hair needs cutting? Mr. Skinnflint (looking up from his paper)—How long is it till Christmas? A little over five weeks. (Resuming his paper)—All right, I'll give him a hair-cut for a Christmas present.

A COMPLICATED FUNERAL.

O bury my arms in dear Mexico,
And bury my heart in the South,
O bury my legs in the State of New York,
In Georgia please bury my mouth.
For I have been married at least four times,
To spouses who've laid down their lives,
And now that I'm dead I wish to be placed
At the side of my various wives.

BROWN—And so you have got a first-rate cook? What paper did you advertise in? Fogg—Didn't advertise in any. My wife told Mrs. Gray we wanted a girl, but made her promise not to tell anybody. "Well?" "Well, we had the door-bell ringing for a fortnight from morning till night. No less than a hundred applications for the place."

"Ah, Mrs. Blackstreet, it's very lucky I did not meet you at the time that picture was taken."

"Ah, Doctor, I'm afraid you are a flatterer. Do you mean lucky for me?"

"Ahem, no, not exactly. Lucky for me."

Wanted to Satisfy Him.

Prominent Citizen—Slade of Metropolitan Hotel has just killed another feller—tourist from the East som'eres.

Second Prominent Citizen—What was the feller doin' to Slade?

"Nuthin' only givin' his orders. Wanted a fire in his room, weather strips on the door, soap, towel, hot water, more quilts, and I fergit what else. An' Slade shot him."

"Oh, I s'pose Slade reckoned it was a pity that a feller who wanted heaven so bad shouldn't have it."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

He Found a Job.

"Has your husband found work yet, Mrs. McGarrity?"

"He hez thet, mum. He's a picter hanger."

"A picture hanger? Why, I supposed that required artistic skill and a good deal of taste."

"Paste, indade it does, mum. It takes a dale av paste, sure. The poor bye carries a bucket av it wid him all day, and then sometimes he can't make the blissed picters stick to them ould boards at all, at all."

THE parent who sends his son into the world uneducated and without skill in any art or science does a great injury to mankind as well as to his own family, for he defrauds the comunity of a useful citizen and bequeaths to it a nuisance.